



74

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



Capullo
7/8

McFarlane

TODD MCFARLANE AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS...

THE VOID

DEDICATED TO
Gene Simmons



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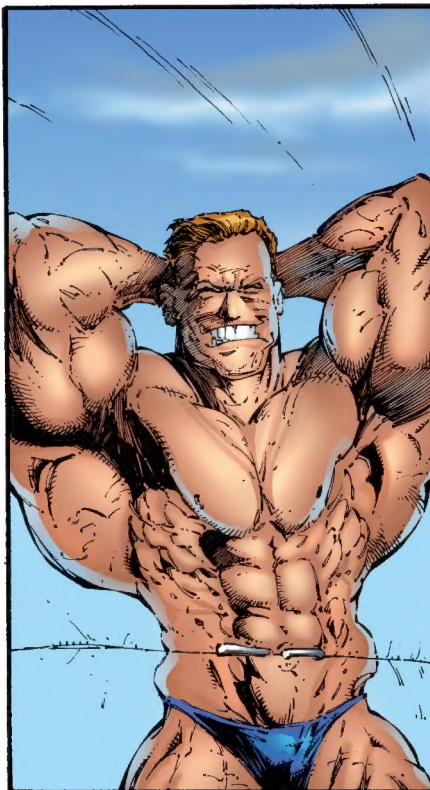
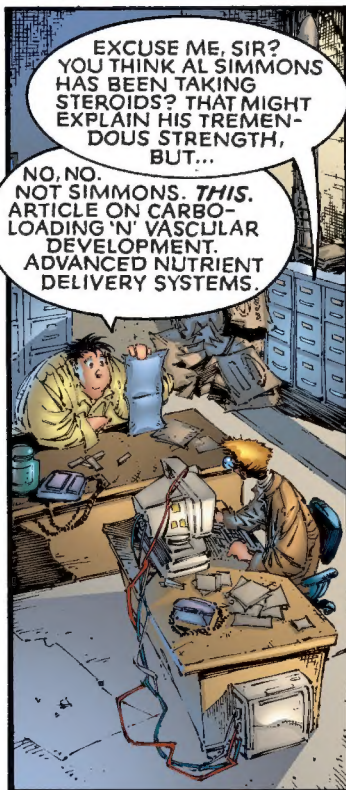
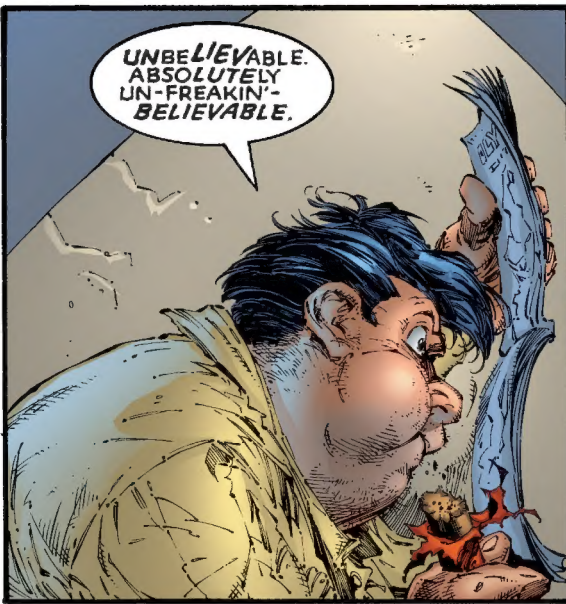
SPAWN #74 Summary

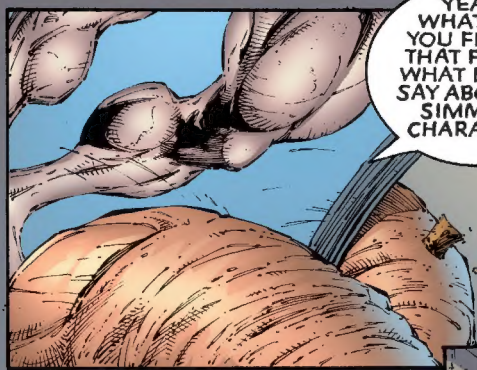
Cog leaves a file on Lt. Colonel Al Simmons with Sam and Twitch and then meets up with Bootsy in the alley where they discuss Spawn's future. Meanwhile, when Eddie Beckett tries to explain his feelings after finding a paper bag of necroplasm, he is nearly beaten to death by a member of the Dimino family. The necroplasm seeps out of the bag towards its newfound host and Eddie Beckett is painfully reborn as The Heap. Then, Spawn's necroplasm mysteriously draws him to the "dead zone" where he is engulfed by The Heap.



**TODD MCFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS**

www.spawn.com





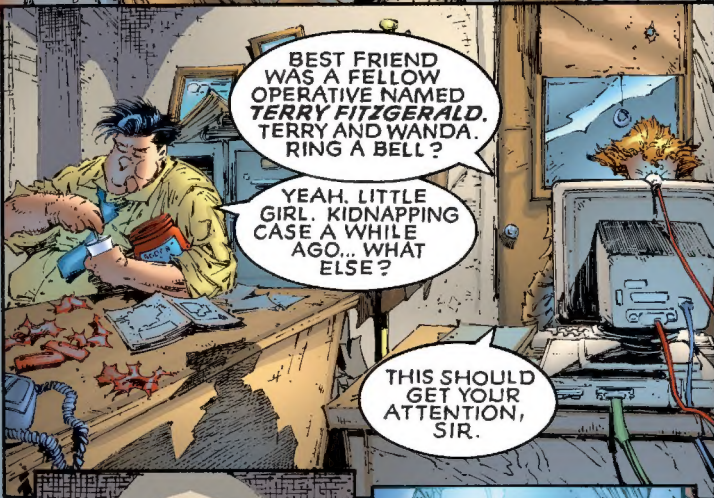
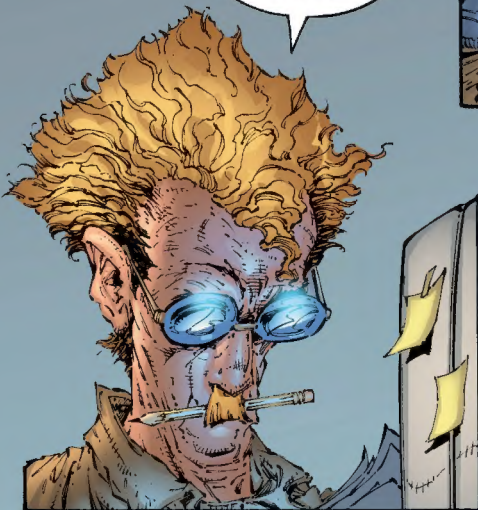
YEAH, WHAT DID YOU FIND IN THAT FILE? WHAT DOES IT SAY ABOUT THIS SIMMONS CHARACTER?



VERY COMPELLING. LT. COL. AL SIMMONS. EXCELLENT STUDENT AND ATHLETE. WAR HERO. TOOK A BULLET IN A PRESIDENTIAL ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT.

HE THEN JOINS THE C.I.A., GOES **BLACK OPS** FOR A WHILE. SHOWS UP IN SOME VERY INTERESTING PLACES. ANGOLA, NICARAGUA, CAMBODIA...

MARRIES HIS LONGTIME SWEETHEART, A MISS **WANDA BLAKE**. THEY SETTLE DOWN A LITTLE BUT HE STILL "TRAVELS" A LOT.



BEST FRIEND WAS A FELLOW OPERATIVE NAMED **TERRY FITZGERALD**. TERRY AND WANDA. RING A BELL?

YEAH. LITTLE GIRL. KIDNAPPING CASE A WHILE AGO... WHAT ELSE?

THIS SHOULD GET YOUR ATTENTION, SIR.

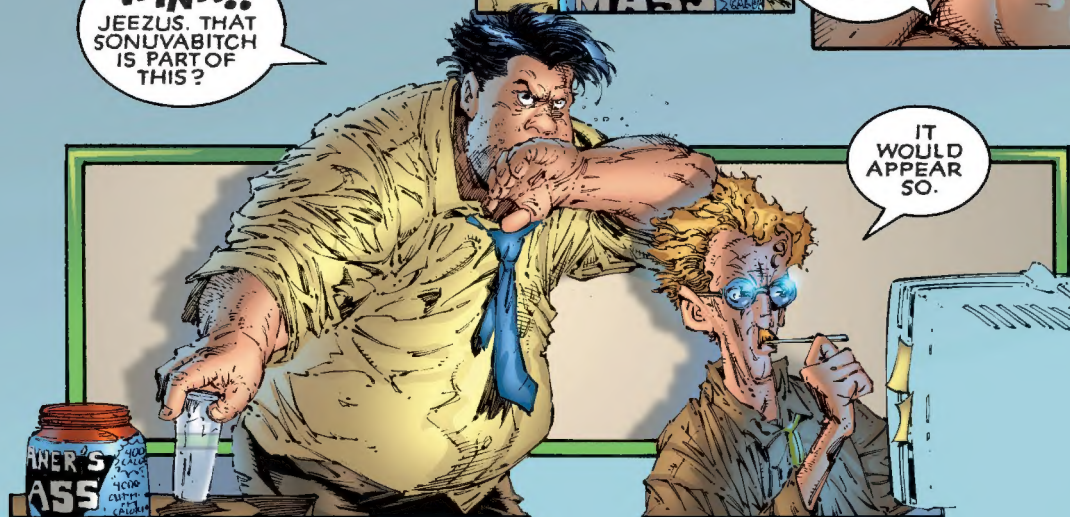


BOTH MEN REPORTED DIRECTLY TO THE SAME MAN...



... UNITED STATES SECURITY COUNCIL EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR **JASON WYNN**.

WYNN?!
JEEZUS. THAT SONUVABITCH IS PART OF THIS?



IT WOULD APPEAR SO.



DAMN. I DON'T LIKE THE SMELL OF THIS ONE, TWITCH.

THERE'S MORE. SIMMONS *DIES* IN THE LINE OF DUTY. IS GIVEN A HERO'S FUNERAL. A COUPLE YEARS LATER WANDA BLAKE AND TERRY FITZGERALD ARE WED.



SO SPAWN'S A *DEAD GUY*, huh? GUESS THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE COMPLEXION.

YES. UNFORTUNATELY, IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE GETTING-UP-AND-MOVING-AROUND PART.



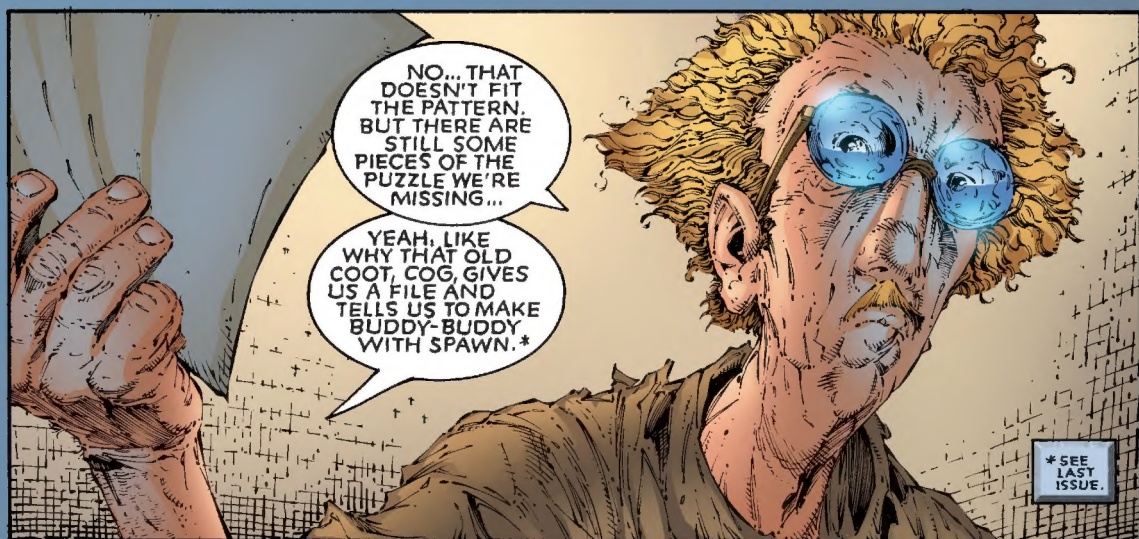
Hmm. JASON WYNN... THAT'S ONE SNAKE THAT SEEMS TO BE IN EVERY GARDEN.



SO THIS TIES SIMMONS TO WYNN, WHICH TIES HIM TO SENATOR JENNINGS, WHICH TIES HIM TO BILLY KINCAID...

>Sigh< WHICH TIES HIM TO CHIEF BANKS, MAY HE BURN IN HELL, WHICH TIES HIM INTO *US* GETTING OUR BUTTS KICKED OFF THE FORCE.

COULD IT BE THAT SIMMONS IS STILL OPERATING UNDER WYNN? SOME EXPERIMENTAL MILITARY PROJECT...



RAT CITY. THE SCORCHING, FETID HEAT HANGS THICK IN THE AIR. RODENTS SCURRY FROM THEIR COVER, FRIGHTENED BY THE TERRIBLE DIN OF BATTLE.

CHOOM!!

A PLAGUE WIND GUSTS THROUGH THE ALLEYWAYS. LITTER AND DEBRIS ERUPT INTO THE NIGHT.

LET GO OF ME!

I DON'T KNOW WHO SENT YOU... BUT THESE ALLEYS BELONG TO ME!

SPAWN REGARDS HIS ENEMY, TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF THE ASSAULT.

A TOWERING, SHAMBLING MOUND OF LIVING REFUSE. THE UNLEASHED FURY OF A LIVING WORLD WHICH WILL STAND NO MORE ABUSE.

SO
BACK
OFF!

HELL-FORGED
CHAINS LEAP
AND DANCE IN
THE MOONLIGHT.

AS SPAWN BATTLES
THIS LUMBERING,
POISONOUS HEAP, A
VAGUE TWINGE OF
RECOGNITION FLOWS
THROUGH HIM...

... A STRANGE
SENSE OF DEJA VU.
AS IF HE SEES HIM-
SELF REFLECTED IN
THE CREATURE'S
EYES.

SPLAK!

WHAT--
WHAT
ARE
YOU?!

WHAMP!

WITH EACH POWERFUL
BLOW, THE HEAP
EXPLODES IN A
CASCADE OF ROTTING
REFUSE, ONLY TO
REASSEMBLE ITSELF
A MOMENT LATER...

SLAM

CRASH

A WAVE OF TERROR
ENGULFS THE HELL-
SPAWN AS HE PASSES
THROUGH THE HEART
OF THE BEAST.

IT GATHERS
ITSELF
AGAIN--

-- GREATER
THAN
BEFORE--

DAMN

-- AS SPAWN
STARES INTO
THE GAPING
FACE OF
DOOM.

WE'RE
TOO
LATE.

NO... WE
CAN'T BE...

BY THE
SHINING
CITY...

DO
SOMETHING,
DAMN IT. YOU
DO HAVE A
PLAN, DON'T
YOU?

No!

SPAWN!
AL!
GET AWAY!
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND
WHAT THAT
IS...

RRRUMMBLE



AN AVALANCHE OF PESTILENCE CAREENS DOWN ON THE HELLSPAWN, CONSUMING HIM IN ITS WAKE.

THE BLANKET OF REFUSE QUIVERS SOFTLY FOR A MOMENT, LIKE THE SURF UPON THE SHORE, AND THEN IS STILL.

HE'S GONE.

AL!
AL!
WHERE
ARE
YOU?

COG,
START
LOOKING
FOR HIM.

VERY WELL.
BUT ANSWER ME SOME
THING, BOOTSY. WHY DO
YOU CARE, OF ALL PEOPLE.
WHY DOES AN AGENT OF
HEAVEN WANT TO
SAVE THE HELL-
SPAWN?

YOU
WOULDN'T
BELIEVE
ME.

TRY
ME.

BECAUSE
OF THE WAR.
WHEN HE DIES,
THE GREAT WAR
BEGINS.
ARMAGEDDON WILL
COME. AND WE...
ARE NOT
READY.

MALEBOLGIA
HAS
HARVESTED
TOO MANY
SOULS. HEAVEN
HAS GROWN
CARELESS.

IF THE WAR
BEGINS NOW,
HELL SHALL BE
THE VICTOR.
THAT IS WHY I
MUST KEEP
AL SIMMONS
ALIVE.

IT'S NO
USE. HE'S
NOT HERE.
WHAT DO
WE DO
NOW?

OK, HEAVENLY
HOSTS, OUR NEED
IS DIRE. I BESEECH
THEE, SEND ME
A SIGN...

DON'T
WASTE YOUR
TIME, BOOTSY. YOU
THINK THE OLD
BUGGER GIVES A
CRAP ABOUT ANY
OF THIS?

**DO NOT
MOCK ME,
COGLIOSTRO!**
I HAVE BEEN
PATIENT WITH YOU,
BUT YOU TEST
MY LIMITS!

I'M NOT IN THIS
CAMPAIGN FOR MY
OWN INTERESTS. I'M
NOT "LOOKING OUT
FOR NUMBER ONE,"
AS YOU ARE!

OKAY...
CALM
DOWN.

THERE ARE
**BILLIONS OF
SOULS AT STAKE--**
INCLUDING YOURS,
YOU FOOL.

BESIDES,
I THINK I
FOUND YOUR
"SIGN."

WHAT
IS IT?



OK NO.
THE SIGIL
OF THE
HELL-
SPAWN.

IT'S LEFT BEHIND
WHEN THE SPAWN IS...
ELIMINATED. THE
SERAPHIM HUNTERS
COLLECT THEM AS
TROPHIES.

I KNOW
WHAT IT IS.
REMEMBER
TO WHOM YOU
ARE SPEAKING.
SO HE REALLY
IS GONE...

"HOW SOON
WILL IT START?"

CHA-THOR!

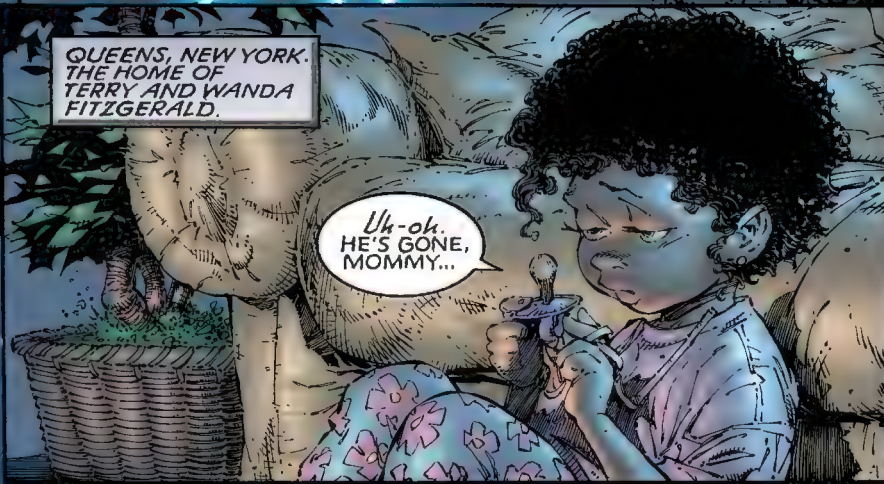
LIGHTNING CUTS A JAGGED
SWATH ACROSS THE NIGHT
SKY. A WELCOME RAIN FALLS
ON THE PARCHED EARTH.

SOON THE SHOWER
BECOMES A DOWN-
POUR. THE DOWN-
POUR BECOMES A
TEMPEST.

THE
HEAVENS
WEEP.

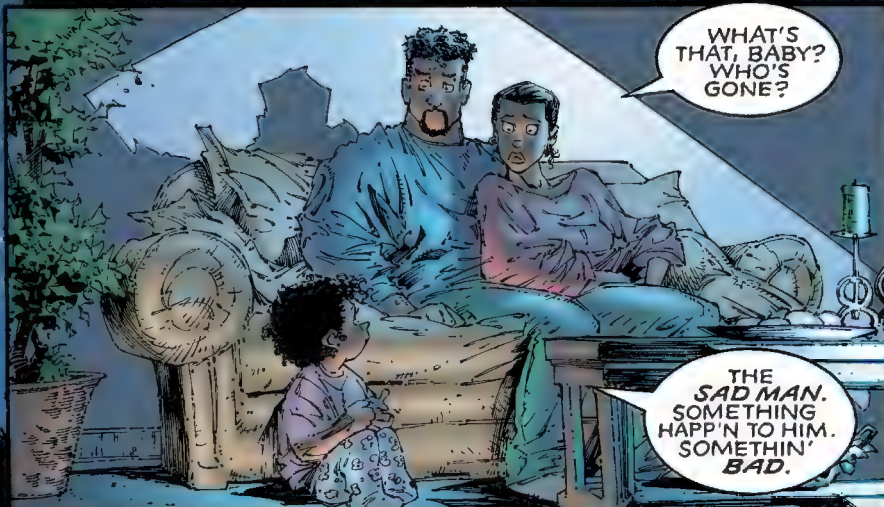
QUEENS, NEW YORK.
THE HOME OF
TERRY AND WANDA
FITZGERALD.

Uh-oh.
HE'S GONE,
MOMMY...



WHAT'S
THAT, BABY?
WHO'S
GONE?

THE
SAD MAN.
SOMETHING
HAPP'N TO HIM.
SOMETHIN'
BAD.



FREEFALL...

WHERE
AM I?

TIME SELTS AWAY.
LOSES ITS MEANING.
HOW LONG HAS HE
BEEN FALLING?

HE TRIES TO SHOUT,
TO CALL OUT, BUT
NO WORDS COME.

WHAT
HAPPENED?
WHERE
AM I?

SOMEONE...
ANYONE...
PLEASE...

THE HELL-
SPAWN
TUMBLES
THROUGH
AN INKY
VOID. AN
ENDLESS,
AIRLESS
ABYSS.

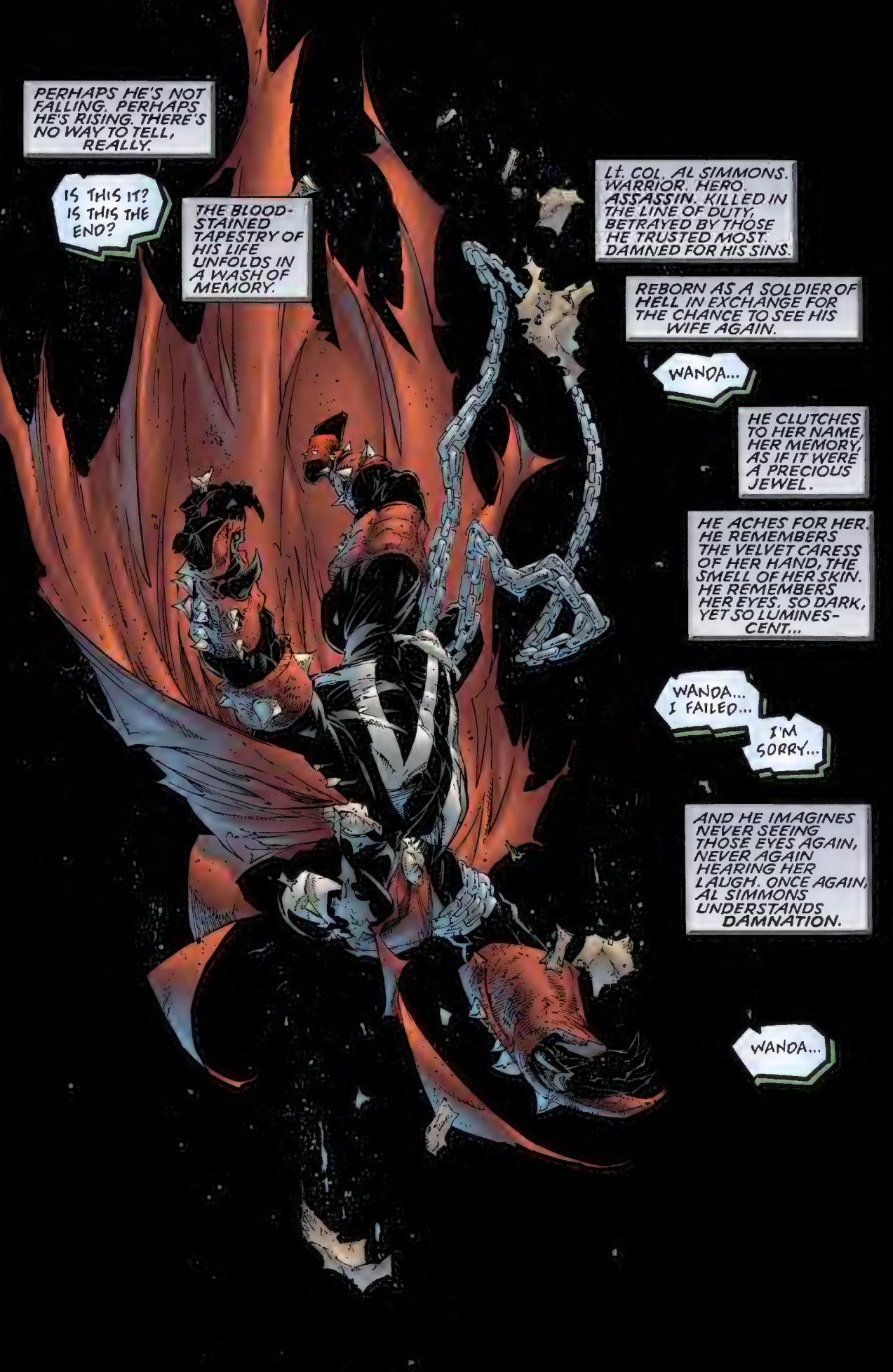
NO SOUND.
NO SENSATION.
JUST A
GARGANTUAN,
ALL-CONSUMING
MAW OF
EMPTINESS.

MAYBE THIS
IS DEATH. NO
HARPS, NO
PITCHFORKS.
JUST AN END-
LESS, ETERNAL
NOTHINGNESS.
BUT THERE IS
NO PEACE IN
THIS SOLITUDE.
NO COMFORT.

A LIFE-
TIME? A
DEATH-
TIME?

LONG ENOUGH FOR
PANIC TO GROW
INTO TERROR. FOR
FRUSTRATION TO
BLOOM INTO A
DESPERATE AGONY
OF ANTICIPATION.

JUST FEAR.
FEAR AND A
COLOSSAL
LONELINESS
THAT CUTS
HIM TO THE
CORE.



PERHAPS HE'S NOT
FALLING. PERHAPS
HE'S RISING. THERE'S
NO WAY TO TELL,
REALLY.

IS THIS IT?
IS THIS THE
END?

THE BLOOD-
STAINED
TAPESTRY OF
HIS LIFE
UNFOLDS IN
A WASH OF
MEMORY.

LT. COL. AL SIMMONS.
WARRIOR. HERO.
ASSASSIN. KILLED IN
THE LINE OF DUTY.
BETRAYED BY THOSE
HE TRUSTED MOST.
DAMNED FOR HIS SINS.

REBORN AS A SOLDIER OF
HELL IN EXCHANGE FOR
THE CHANCE TO SEE HIS
WIFE AGAIN.

WANDA...

HE CLUTCHES
TO HER NAME,
HER MEMORY,
AS IF IT WERE
A PRECIOUS
JEWEL.

HE ACHES FOR HER.
HE REMEMBERS
THE VELVET CARESS
OF HER HAND, THE
SMELL OF HER SKIN.
HE REMEMBERS
HER EYES. SO DARK,
YET SO LUMINES-
CENT...

WANDA...
I FAILED...

I'M
SORRY...

AND HE IMAGINES
NEVER SEEING
THOSE EYES AGAIN,
NEVER AGAIN
HEARING HER
LAUGH. ONCE AGAIN,
AL SIMMONS
UNDERSTANDS
DAMNATION.

WANDA...

A close-up of a character with long, flowing white hair and a dark, mask-like face. The character is looking down with a somber expression.

HELLSPAWN...

The character is shown from the chest up, looking down into a dark, shadowed area. The background is dark and textured.

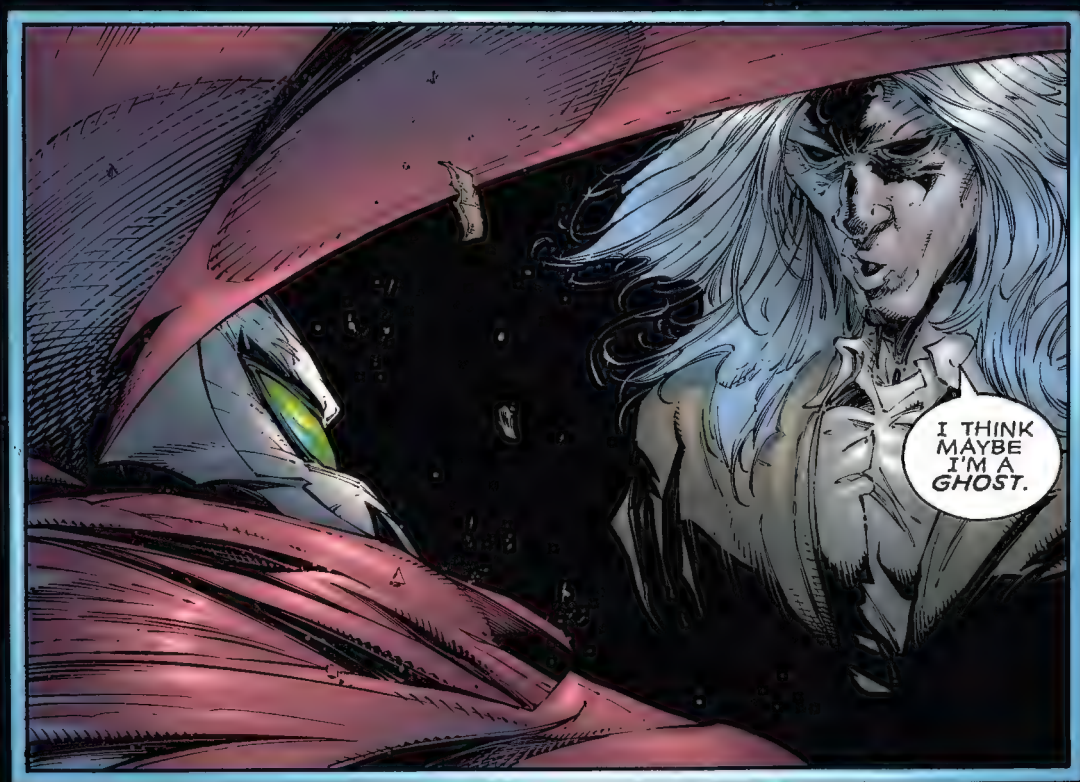
I'M
SORRY.


The character is looking down at a figure on the ground. To the left, there is a pile of debris or a body covered in a red and white patterned cloth.

I'VE
BEEN
SENT
FOR
YOU.

The character is looking down from a high angle. The figure on the ground is now more clearly visible, lying on its back. The red and white patterned cloth is still present on the left.

THEY'RE
WAITING.





I USED
TO BE A **MAN**.
MAYBE NOT
MUCH OF ONE.
I WAS A BUM.
DIED IN AN
ALLEYWAY
HOLDING A
PILE OF THIS
WEIRD GREEN
GOO.

NEXT
THING I
KNOW, SOME
TOXIC **BEAST**
STARTS
STAKING A
CLAIM ON
MY BODY. *

IT STRIPPED
OFF THE FLESH
FROM MY BONES,
BURNED THE
BLOOD FROM MY
VEINS. THAT'S A
BITCH, I CAN
TELL YOU. BUT
PART OF ME
REMAINED.

I GUESS
I'M THE
LEFTOVERS.
THE SCRAPS.
STORY OF
MY LIFE.

THAT
"WEIRD
GREEN GOO"--
IT MUST HAVE
BEEN NECRO-
PLASM... IT
WAS PART
OF ME...

GUESS
THAT
MAKES US
BLOOD
BROTHERS,
huh?


*LAST
ISSUE.



ANYWAY,
I'M SORRY
ABOUT ALL
THIS. REALLY.
I NEVER
WANTED TO
HURT NOBODY.
THAT'S THE
TRUTH.

NO HARD
FEELINGS,
huh? I MEAN,
I'M JUST THE
MESSENGER.

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN? WHOSE
MESSENGER?
MALEBOLGIA'S?



YOU'LL FIND
OUT SOON
ENOUGH. LISTEN,
IF IT MAKES YOU
FEEL ANY BETTER,
I'M SURE YOU
PROBABLY DON'T
DESERVE ANY
OF THIS.

NOT THAT
IT WILL
MAKE ANY
DIFFERENCE...

DAMMIT!
WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

I GOTTA
GO. THEY'RE
CALLING FOR
YOU. GOOD
LU--

**HELL-
SPAWN!**
WE CALL FOR
YOU UPON THIS
VERDANT
HOUR...






WE CALL
UPON YOU
TO FACE YOUR
JUDGMENT!

WE CARE LITTLE
FOR YOUR FATE,
HELLSPAWN. YOUR
DAMNATION DOES
NOT CONCERN US.
YOUR PETTY WAR
DOES NOT
CONCERN US.

AND
JUST
WHO IS
IT THAT
DARES TO
JUDGE
ME?



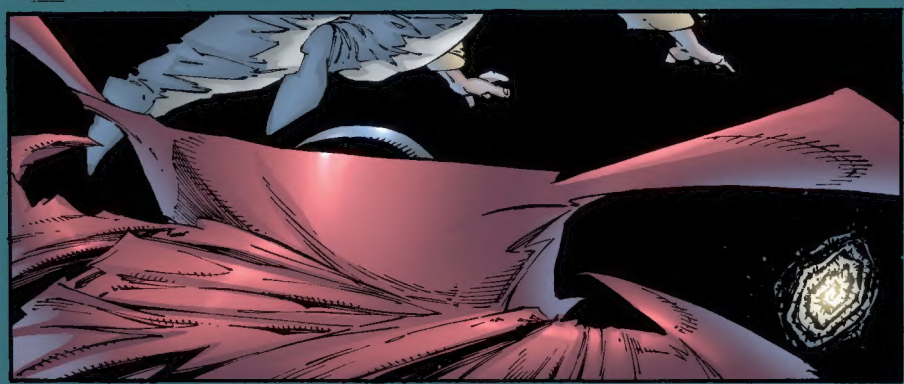
BUT YOU ARE
A THREAT TO OUR
WELL-BEING. A
THREAT WHICH WILL
NOT BE TOLERATED.
A THREAT WHICH
WILL BE
NEUTRALIZED.

FOLLOW
THE **LIGHT**,
HELLSPAWN.
THE **EMERALD**
PARLIAMENT
IS WAITING.

I'M NOT
FOLLOWING
ANYTHING TILL
SOMEONE
EXPLAINS
WHAT'S GOING
ON.

YOU HAVE
NO CHOICE. THIS
IS OUR **DOMAIN**,
FREE FROM THE
TAINTS OF BOTH
HEAVEN AND
HELL. YOU HAVE
NO POWER
HERE.

THE HOUR
OF RECKONING
IS UPON YOU,
HELLSPAWN.
COME.



THERE.



CONTINUED...



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE